

Our Mothers

OUR MOTHERS 4119 32 A2

Mrs. Mary Sullivan Shafter, 1940

There's many a grey haired Mother In our camp today Had to give up the old home So far, far away They are tired and weary of tramping Of tramping life they say Some are just waiting For the end of Life's day. Don't wait till those Mothers are silent Silent in cold clay Do something to cheer them Make them glad today.

If you have a Mother Who is old and grey Set right down and write her And send it off today 'Twill make her heart so happy Her faded eyes will shine. Don't forget to say to her I love you Mother of mine Do you remember how she stood by you Those times you were sick and in trouble too.

If you have a mother living in camp today Just plenty of kind words Is all you need to say To make her life happy Till the end of her day She misses the old home And loved eyes far away Her children are scattered Are scattered far and near Show mother fond affection While you know she is here.

Long days she's toiled and prayed for you Gave up many pleasures you know Just to take care of you And let you places go. Perhaps the mortgage on the old home was made So you could go to schools.

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I wish I had a mother I'd write her a letter today There's so many things I'd tell her So much I have to say. So silent she is sleeping On that hill far away.

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God, I thank thee for that Mother I'll meet again some day She taught me to serve thee
And to always be kind. God Bless all camp mothers Make them wonderful as mine.

Written in memory of Her Mother, Mrs. Rebecca Chapman, by Mrs. Flora Robertson at
Shafter Camp.